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# Heraclitus Ridens,



AT

## A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES*.

From Saturday February the 26th. to Tuesday the 29th. 170¾.

*Jeſt.* ALas for the poor King of *Poland!* To add to his Enemies, *Nob* is upon his Back in his laſt, and he muſt loſe the Day, ſince his Countryman is drawing down his Artillery of *Oaken-Towels* upon him.

*Earn.* Yes truly, that he muſt, for if he was not utterly loſt to all Hopes of Recovery, we ſhould ſcarce have him declare againſt him. But methinks, that Friend of ours, is no ſuch Stickler for the Grand Alliance, as he pretends to be; if he was, he would never ſide with the King of *Sweden*, who is ſo viſibly in the Intereſt of the Common Enemy, againſt a Prince, who, if once fix'd peaceably in his Throne, would have it in his Power to bring down Twenty thouſand *Saxons* to Curb the Inſolence of *France* and *Bavaria*, whoſe united Forces are now making Havock in the Imperial Territories.

*Jeſt.* I wonder he does not trump up the Doctrine of *Abdication* upon him, for that Prince is certainly Elop'd from his Kingdom, and gone to pay a Viſit to the Czar of *Muſcovy*. But now I think of it, he's under a State of Abdication himſelf, and has lately ſhewn his Tenement in *Lambeth* Marſh a fair Pair of Heels, which may make him alter his Sentiments with his Circumſtances.

*Earn.* However, he has done one good Thing in his laſt, in owning King *Charles* the Firſt to be a Martyr. Take my word for it, would the Government paſs an Act of Indemnity for what is paſt, he would be one of us next Minute, and fly his *Paper-Kite* as high as the beſt *Paſſive Obedience* Man whatſoever.

*Jeſt.* An Act of Indemnity, ſay you? No more of that, I beſeech you, we want no ſuch Converts as he is. Let the Law have its Courſe, ſince the Goſpel has no Prevalence with him. His acceſſion to any Party would render it Infamous, by the Character he would bring along with him. You have heard I ſuppoſe of his three Letters to Mr. *Speaker*, the Contents of which are ſo common, that it will be no News to give you the Detail of his Impudence in 'em. But I have a Petition of his drawn up in Verſe, which has never been preſented as yet, and muſt of Conſequence be new, which may not be improper to be Communicated at this Juncture.

*Earn.* He has but an indifferent Hand at Poetry, yet it may poſſibly be Diverting to the Publick, ſince bad things ſometimes are Taking as well as good; and this Proclamation after him has made ſuch a Noiſe in the World, that any thing of his will be Gap'd after.

*Jeſt.* The Rogue's merry under his Misfortunes, as you may ſee by the following Diſtichs.

*To the Knights, Burgeſſes and Cits,*
*Call'd up to Town by Royal Writs,*
*Poor* Nob's *in ſupplicant Condition*
*By way of Paper, call'd Petition,*
*In doleful Verſe for want of Proſe*
*Moſt inſignificantly ſhews,*

THAT your Petitioner being ſorry
He can't go on with Scandal for ye;
Since you not give him your Conſents
For him to Laugh at Governments,
And with Unſanctimonious Strain,
Level things Sacred with Prophane,
He begs the Favour and the Grace,
To let him thus unfold his Caſe.
You know, Sirs, ſuch a Cloudy Phyz,
As has that Loggerhead of his,
Was never valued at the Rate,
It's now appprais'd at by the State;
And if you had it ſo's to trouble it
With Wooden Ruff, and with Stone-doublet,
His Stock of Impudence ſo large is,
'Twould never anſwer half the Charges,
You put the Queen to in Expending
One hundred Pounds for's Apprehending.
Beſides, for him it may be ſaid,
All that he wrote for was for Bread,
And it would be a curſed hard Caſe,
To have none for ſo large a Carcaſe;
Wherefore (to give the Devil his due)
Give him but Bread, he'll write for you,
Will be another ſort of Man,
And honeſtly turn *Cat in Pan*,
As he by *Praiſes* ſaves his Ears,
And ſerve you as he ſerves the Peers.
Whom he Judiciouſly adviſes,
And with his Praiſes Scandalizes.
From his *Old Cauſe* he'll turn a Starter,
And vindicate King *Charles* the Martyr,
Shew no more want of *Senſe* and *Breeding*,
Nor arrogantly Boaſt of's Reading,
T' advance himſelf above the Croud,
Illiterately dull and Proud.
Skreen him but from a *Fuller's* Sentence,
He'll be a *Fuller* in Repentance,
Will Cant, Re-cant, and Affs make Negs,
T' avoid a Storm of Rotten Eggs,
Nay what is more than this, aſſures,
He'll let *His Queen* be likewiſe *Yours*;

There-

Therefore, tho' he be Caught a Tripping,
He begs you'll ſave him from a Whipping,
From Sergeants and from Gaolers Fees,
And he'll write any thing you pleaſe,
Stand up for High Church Tooth and Nail,
An Anti-Presbyterian Flayl.
As he againſt Reſiſtance preaches,
And try's to heal, not widen Breaches.
Yet if there muſt be an Attoning,
Let it be done by Marrow-boning;
And I am ready when you pleaſe,
To ask your Pardon on my Knees;
As for Pain his Caſe does ſtate it,
He does Incontinently hate it,
And the Judicious will allow
That moſt ſhould fall on *Brag* and *How*;
For there is none but will agree,
They're Fools to be miſled by me,
And Fools ſhould for their Follies Smart,
That they from Follies may depart,
Which Prayer of Mine if ye but grant,
My Countryman with Oaken-Plant,
Shall what he has affirm'd, gain-ſay,

*And your Petitioner ſhall pray*, &c.

*Earn.* He may Petition long enough before the Houſe he makes his Addreſſes to will take any more Notice of him, than they did of his 3 Letters. But is there nothing more Material now in the Wind, than Diſcourſes about him.

*Jeſt.* Very little; that very Wind you are talking of, is the occaſion of the preſent ſcarcity of News, the two laſt Mails from *Holland* are yet wanting, and you muſt content your ſelf with Domeſtick Concerns, till their Arrival. The Governour of *Bridewell* and *Bethlem*, is Dead, ſo that the Whores will beat Hemp without *Execution Days* at one Place, and the Mad Folks will be under a Republican ſort of Government till the Choice of a new one.

*Earn.* Sir *Robert Jefferys* departed this Life! Truly a very uſeful Man in his Generation gone even when he was paſt it. Whom do they talk of for a Succeſſor, for theſe Two are Important Poſts, and every one is not Maſter of Abilities enough to Regulate the Conduct of Whores and Mad Men?

*Jeſt.* There are ſeveral Candidates among the Court of Aldermen. And the two Parties, as they divide themſelves at Elections, are for their reſpective Intereſt. Tho' I cannot conceive how it concerns either *Church* or *Conventicle*, what Side has the Government of People of ſuch Infamous lives as Rogues and Harlots, or the Conducts of Lunaticks. As for my part, the *Low-Church* ſhall have my Voice for *Bride-Well*, for there are no People like your Society of Reformation to bring Whores to Puniſhment. *Set a Thief to Catch a Thief*, is the Proverb. What think you of Sir *Owen* for this *Buckingham* Court, it ſuits him in my Opinion, as moſt agreeable to his Profeſſion, and the Beating of Hemp may be of great uſe to him, tho' he is more fit for the *Laſt* than another Man; and people without their Senſes every body knows ought to be directed by thoſe that abound with Underſtanding.

*Earn.* I am not for him by any means, there will be no Redemption for the poor Whores in his Reign, and the Colonies of *Newgate* will be ſtock'd with Supplies from thence, for he hates any Rope ſhould lie unus'd, but when he himſelf is at the Tavern, and for meer Niggardlineſs will not pull his Name-ſake. Beſides a Man of the greateſt Gravity and Wiſdom ſhould preſide in this Court, one that would not be over-haſty in his Determination, nor draw raſh *Concluſions* from unconſider'd premiſſes, as the laſt did; one that will give himſelf time to diſtinguiſh between thoſe that are Real Delinquents, and thoſe that are ſuppos'd to be ſo, not like a certain Knight of the Noble Order of Reformation, who in his Mayoralty was guilty of giving Being to the following Relation. A certain young Gentleman, having laid cloſe Siege to a young Ladies Affections in the Country, in order to enter into a Matrimonial State of Life, happily met with his Miſtreſs in *Cheapſide*, as he was going towards the *Temple*, juſt as it began to be dark on a *Sunday* Evening, and being deſirous to converſe, prevailed with her to go to a Tavern juſt by, and accept of a Glaſs of Wine. But they were ſcarce got in, when a parcel of Heaven Drivers, that made a ſhew of Godlineſs for Gain, came into the Room where they were, and by main Force carried off the Lady, whom the Gentleman follow'd before a Magiſtrate that ſhall be nameleſs. His Worſhip immediately encompaſs'd with the Mermidons *de Propaganda Fide*, paſs'd Sentence upon her for a Woman of the Town, notwithſtanding all Remonſtrances to the contrary, and ſhe was hurried away to *Bridewell* without Bail or Mainprize, the Gentleman at that time being diſtant from his Friends, who were likewiſe out of the way, and knew nothing of the Neceſſity there was then for 'em. However, he brought them with him early the next Morning, as likewiſe a very creditable Relation of the diſconſolate Lady's, who made the Magiſtrate ſenſible of his Miſtake and order her Releaſe; but in ſuch a manner as was much more Cruel than her Confinement, for he call'd a Servant and ſent him with Orders to the Keeper to give her, notwithſtanding all the pregnant Proofs imaginable of her Innocence, the Correction of the Houſe before her Diſcharge. Which was accordingly done in the ſevereſt Manner; and the poor young Lady was found out of her Senſes at her Friends, and continues (if ſhe be yet living) in the higheſt and moſt intenſe Degree of Madneſs. This has been before ſeveral of our Courts of Judicature, and is now depending in *Chancery*, unleſs it has lately Determin'd, for the Friends of the poor *Lunatick*, proſecute this Tool of a Magiſtrate as far as the Law will allow of it; and it is but juſt that his Eſtate ſhould pay for what he has ſo unjuſtly done, in ſtretching his Authority beyond its limits in ſuch a barbarous Action againſt Beauty and Innocence at once.

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